

and heere ile be and there ile be, for our Towne, and here againe, and there againe: ha, Boyes, heigh for the weavers.

1. This must be done i'th woods.

4. O pardon me.

2. By any meanes our thing of learning sees so: where he himselfe will edifie the Duke most patlouly in our behalfe, hees excellent i'th woods, bring him to th plaines, his learning makes no cry.

3. Weele see the sports, then every man to's Tackle: and Sweete Companions lets rehearse by any meanes, before The Ladies see us, and doe sweetly, and God knows what May come on't.

4. Content; the sports once ended, wee'l performe. Away Boyes and hold.

Arc. By your leaves honest friends: pray you whither goe you.

4. Whither? why, what a question's that?

Arc. Yes, tis a question, to me that know not.

3. To the Games my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

Arc. Not faire Sir,

Are there such Games to day?

1. Yes marry are there:

And such as you neuer saw; The Duke himselfe Will be in person there.

Arc. What pastimes are they?

2. Wraffling, and Running; Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

Arc. Not yet Sir.

4. Well Sir

Take your owne time, come Boyes

1. My minde misgives me

This fellow has a veng'ance tricke o'th hip,
Marke how his Bodi's made for't

2. Ile be hangd though

If he dare venture, hang him plumb porredge,

He wraffle? he rost eggs. Come lets be gon Lads. *Exeunt 4.*

Arc.

Arc. This is an offerd oportunity
I durst not wish for. Well, I could ha ve wrestled,
The best men call'd it excellent, and run
Swifter, then winde upon a feild of Corne
(Curling the wealthy eares) never flew: Ile venture,
And in some poore disguise be there, who knowes
Whether my browes may not be girt with garlands?
And happines preferre me to a place,
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her.

Exit Arcite,

Scena 4. Enter Isidors Daughter alone.

Dangh. Why should I love this Gentleman? Tis odds
He never will affect me; I am base,
My Father the meane Keeper of his Prison,
And he a prince; To marry him is hopelesse;
To be his whore, is witles; Out upon't;
What pushes are we wenches driven to
When fiftene once has found us? First I saw him,
I (seeing) thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him,
(If he please to bestow it so) as ever
These eyes yet lookt on; Next, I pittied him,
And so would any young wench o' my Conscience
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Maydenhead
To a yong hansom Man; Then I lov'd him,
(Extreamely lov'd him) infinitely lov'd him;
And yet he had a Cosen, faire as he too.
But in my heart was *Palamon*, and there
Lord, what a coyle he keepes? To heare him
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is?
And yet his Songs are sad-ones; Fairer spoken,
Was never Gentleman. When I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bowes his noble body, then salutes me, thus:
Faire, gentle Mayde, good morrow, may thy goodnes,
Get thee a happy husband; Once he kist me,
I lov'd my lips the better ten daies after,
Would he would doe so ev'ry day; He greives much,
And me as much to see his misery.

What